A

BOOKSELLER

AND

STATIONER'S

SHOP BILL.

For ought nam'd here if you've occaſion,
Accept this timely invitation;
And, though but little you ſelect,
Ev'n trifles have their due effect:
His heart with gratitude ſhall flow,
For every favour you beſtow;
And, in all inſtances expedient,
He'll gladly be, your moſt obedient,

LEWIS MERYON.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

Braſh & Reid.

From the ſingularity and feſtive humour of the following Shop Bill, it is preſumed it will afford entertainment. MR. MERYON *is a Bookſeller at Rye in Suſſex.*

MERYON'S ADDRESS.

WITH due reſpect, I humbly greet
All paſſing up or down this ſtreet;
And beg they'll condeſcend to ſtop,
And view the prints at MERYON's ſhop;
Where humour, taſte, and ſenſe, diſplay
The various follies of the day.

Walk in, and view; enough you'll find
To pleaſe the eye, inform the mind;
Goods, or for ornament or uſe,
Such as few other ſhops produce.

Firſt, theologic truths profound,
And voyages the world around;
Rules for drawing, painting, gilding,
Farming, gardening, and building;
Hiſtories of ancient days,
Poems, magazines, and plays;
Books of roads, and books of fairs,
Bibles, Teſtaments, and Prayers;

Fenning's, Dyche's, Dilworth's ſpelling,
Such as children may read well in;
Primers, horn-books, books of pictures,
Pleaſing toys for infant lectures!

Paper of every kind you'll mention,
Every country's beſt invention;
Brown for packing, purple, green,
Muſick, cann, and mazarine,
Royal, medium, quite inviting,
Pot and foolſcap cut for writing,
Elephant, and cartridge too,
Whited-brown, and common blue,
Blotting, black, and gold emboſt,
Plain, or gilt, and mourning poſt,
Glaz'd, or with lines indented on it;
Colour'd paſteboard for a bonnet.

Books of receipt, books of account,
And ciphering-books, to great amount:
Parchment for men of law, and vellum,
To all men be it known, I ſell 'em.
Statutes of parliament you may,
And ſtamps, buy here both night and day;
Strap-letter caſes if you lack,
You may have plenty red and black;
Nice letter-files for counting-houſes,
Black lines for daughters, rul'd, or ſpouſes:
Prints, copy-books; and neateſt maps,
To cover in your rooms the gaps.

Quills and pens a beauteous ſhow,
From the turkey, gooſe, and crow;
Suited to the different hands
Us'd or in this or other lands;

Thoſe which are eſteem'd the beſt,
Being harder than the reſt;
Ink, as black as darkeſt night,
Truly flowing as you write;
Ink, from wood of Brazil made,
Glowing bright with ruby red;
Ink, of genuine India make;
Ink, in powder or in cake:
Ink-ſtands elegant and neat,
Furniſh'd for the deſk complete.
Here attract the curious eye,
Tempting many a one to buy;
Lead and pewter ones in ſockets,
Mix'd with others for the pockets.

Wafers ſtain'd of motley hue,
Yellow, red, white, black, and blue;
Wax that will hold the ſtrongeſt paper;
Wax to burn in rolls or taper:
Folding-knives to fit your hand,
Pounce, to cure blunders, ſhining ſand;
India rubber, paint in drops,
Shells, and cups, and pencils-tops;
Drawing pencils, white and red,
Of reed, or cedar, fill'd with lead;
Slates, ſlate-pencils, ſmooth and clear,
Bruſhes made of camel's hair!
Bailey's cakes for liquid blacking,
Balls to keep your ſhoes from cracking;
Handy books, that hold within
Ivory leaves or aſſes ſkin;
Pocket houſe-wives and etwees,
Every ſort and price you pleaſe;
Cards for meſſages or play,
Or that inſtruction do convey.

Such inſtruments as men would call,
Who're learn'd, Mathematical;
Sand-boxes made of wood that's hard,
Or Dutch ones, if of more regard;
The beſt of rulers, round and flat,
That can in England be got at;
Trim Cribbage-boards that ſtand on legs,
With boxes to contain your pegs;
Slip copies, of all hands, are here,
And knotting-ſhuttles, new this year;
Nice netting ſtirrups for the foot,
When miſs for netting is ſet t'it;
Neat ſhuttlecocks and battledores,
Fit play to open all your pores.

Here's almond-powder for the hands,
Corn-rubbers too at your commands;
The niceſt lady's ſticking-plaſter,
None ever made can e'er ſtick faſter;
Keen razors, ſhaving-bruſhes, boxes,
To ſmooth men's faces fit for doxies;
Black pins, nut-crackers, penknives, plyers,
And ſmelling-bottles for the buyers;
Sciſſors, nail-nippers, nutmeg-graters,
For thoſe who are not nutmeg-haters;
Snuffers, corkſcrews, ſwivels for keys,
That each good houſewife ſure muſt pleaſe;
Nice teleſcope and reading glaſſes,
Fit for old men and ſhrivel'd laſſes;
Buttons and ſtuds for ſleeves at wriſt,
Of each a multifarious liſt;
Watch-chains, watch-keys, and ſeals in plenty,
You here may have your choice of twenty;
Walking and riding-ſticks great ſtore,
No ſhop in this old town has more;

Buckles of all ſorts well to clean,
Here's ſold the handieſt bruſh I ween;
Combs and their bruſhes, rods for fiſhing,
To ſet good anglers all a wiſhing;
The neateſt lines, and reels, and hooks,
For thoſe who're vers'd in ponds or brooks;
Of drawing-inſtruments, here caſes
None ſold more cheap in any places;
Dividers, hones, and razor-ſtraps,
Beſt ſhaving powder for your chaps;
And, when your darling for them calls,
Here are the niceſt cups and balls,

Muſick next my verſe invites,
Muſick, the ſource of ſoft delights!
Here, well ſelected, you may ſee
Songs of the beſt variety;
Ballads, tune-books, ſongs with notes,
For ſuch as know to uſe their throats;
Country-dances, gay cotillions,
Jigs and minuets by millions;
Catches, glees, and pleaſant airs,
Books to guide unpractis'd players;
All ſorts of flutes, and violin-bows,
For him who fiddles, or who blows:
With fifes, baſſoon and hautboy reed,
Should you of them ſtand more in need;
Strings too of catgut, or of wire,
And what elſe you may require,
When, with mild and ſweet controul,
Muſick reigns within the ſoul.

Nor ſhall theſe alone diſpenſe
Varied pleaſures to the ſenſe:

Wanton Zephyr's balmy wing
All Arabia's ſtores ſhall bring,
Wafting in the gentleſt breeze
Fragrance of ambroſial trees,
Nature's gifts from every clime,
Orange, lemon, muſk, and thyme;
Violets, and a thouſand flowers,
Cull'd from roſe and jaſmine bowers,
Yield, Weſt and Thomas, to your art,
And their odorous powers impart:
Hence the pungent waters flow,
Hence the rich pomatums glow,
Each the faculties poſſeſſing
Now eſſential deem'd in dreſſing;
Soap and waſh-balls for the chamber,
Marble, lily-white, and amber;
Hemet's eſſence too I've got,
Smelling-ſalts, and bergamot:
Violet, French, and Orris powder,
Roſe-water of the ſweeteſt odour;
Powder-bags and powder-puffs,
Scowering drops for ſilks and ſtuffs;
And here's true ſalt of lemons ſold,
For taking out the iron-mould.

Have you need of phyſick's aid?
Phyſick too is MERYON's trade!
Witneſs all the grand elixirs
Advertis'd from week to week, Sirs:
Daffy's cordial, warm and ſpicey,
Sold in Bow church-yard by Dicey!
Bateman's drops to cure your ills,
Hooper's, Scots and ſtomach pills
Water-dock, the blood to ſtir up,
And, of courſe, your ſpirits cheer up;

Drops by Radcliffe, Smyth, and Stoughton,
Lowther, Spilſbury, and Norton;
James's powder's ſtrong or mild;
Godfrey's cordial for a child,
Or the mixture made by Dalby,
Or the true *magneſia alba*;
Frier's balſom, good for bruiſes,
Jackſon's, for domeſtic uſes;
Corn-ſalve both from Bett and Lord,
Pills, and drops, from Doctor Ward;
Sweating-powders, paſte for piles,
And the famous Britiſh oils;
Greenough's tincture, black and red;
Snuff cephalic for the head;
The beſt of Opodeldoc's here,
From pains to keep the body clear:
Lozenges of Tolu I ſell,
Your cough to cure and make you well,
Herb-tobacco, balm of honey,
Each for a very little money;
Worm-cakes, iſſue peas and plaſters,—
Cures, in ſhort, for all diſaſters!

If then for theſe you find occaſion,
Accept this timely invitation;
And, though but little you ſelect,
Even trifles have their due effect:
His heart with gratitude ſhall flow,
For every favour you beſtow;
And, in all inſtances expedient,
He'll gladly be your moſt obedient,

LEWIS MERYON.

FINIS.

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